RESTORATION REVIEW

The Restoration Mind . . .

RESTORATION AND REDEMPTION

I know that my Redeemer lives, and at last he will stand upon the earth.—Job. 19:25

It was a very troubled man who uttered those words. Insulted by his friends, rejected by his family, ignored by his servants, and, worst of all, tortured in mind and body, Job takes his place in history as the most pitiable of all men. "I am repulsive to my wife, loathsome to the sons of my own mother. Even young children despise me; when I rise they talk against me," is but a tithing of his cry of despair. When we are tempted to feel that the world has given us a raw deal, a reading of Job 19 would be in order. Even to those who would comfort him he says, "How long will you torment me, and break me in pieces with words?" Poor Job, it is as if his agony filters down through the centuries and we can hear him moan "My heart faints within me!"

It is in this impossible predicament that Job sounds this note of hope, *I know that my Redeemer lives.* When we understand what he had in mind, we go far in understanding the biblical meaning of redemption. And along with it we learn something important about the meaning of restoration. The ideas are mutually inclusive, for it was *restoration* that Job anticipated from his *Redeemer.* One thing is sure in Job's case: *the Redeemer had not forsaken him as had all the others, and he could do for Job what no one else could, including himself.*

The restoration mind fully accepts its own incapacity for righteousness. It is neither by our works or our goodness that God's grace enters our lives. If religion means "to bind back to God," then religion means restoration, *man restored to God.* But this is God's act in our lives, not our own. We are to respond to his goodness, yes, but the power is his, not ours. This is redemption, God doing for us what we cannot do for ourselves, in bringing us back to himself.

What Job hoped for in saying "I know that my Redeemer lives," Jesus made possible in giving himself as a ransom. He said of himself: "The Son of man also came not to be served but to serve, and to give his life as a ransom for many" (Mk. 10:45). This implies three things in reference to the import of redemption, the Lord's sacrifice in our behalf.

1. *It is voluntary.*

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1. *It is voluntary.*

In 2 Cor. 8:9 Paul speaks of the grace of Christ: "You know the grace of our Lord Jesus Christ, that though he was rich, yet for your sake he became poor, so that by his poverty you might become rich." It is grace because he did it voluntarily, because of his love for us. His grace makes us rich, and when poverty is turned into wealth, that is redemption.

2. *It is costly.*

Paul says that Jesus "gave himself for our sins to deliver us from the present evil age" (Gal. 1:14). This is the same as saying that he redeemed us, and it shows the cost, God giving his own Son, the Son giving his own life. This gift is referred to in Eph. 5:2 as "a fragrant offering and sacrifice to God." Col. 1:14 says of Jesus: "ln whom we have redemption, the forgiveness of sins."

3. It is substitutionary.

"To give his life as a ransom for many" *is* the stated purpose of the Christ upon entering human history. That means that he died in our place, that he was innocent and yet died as a sinner that we might have life. They are justified by his grace as a gift, through the redemption which is in Christ Jesus, whom God put forward as an expiation by his blood, to be received by faith" (Rom. 3:24-25). Though the New Covenant scriptures never speak of Jesus as *Redeemer,* these verses certainly show that this is what he is, and so we can say as did Job, *I know that my Redeemer lives.* Gal. 3:13 says that Jesus "redeemed us from the curse of the law, having become a curse for us, while 2 Cor. 5:21 teaches that God "for our sake made him to be sin who knew no sin, so that in him we might become the righteousness of God:" This makes it clear that, while we should have died because of our sin, he became our substitute and died for us. This is redemption, which makes possible our restoration to God. Peter says it majestically: "You know that you were ransomed from the futile ways inherited from your fathers, not with perishable things such as silver or gold, but with the precious blood of Christ, like that of a lamb without blemish or spot" (1 Pet. 18-19).

Redemption means freedom, which is its meaning in the Old Covenant scriptures, such as being freed from slavery, indebtedness, or some impending disaster. This is the meaning in Job. His redeemer would restore his health and fortune, returning him to his former state of glory, thus freeing him from his misery. Thus the word *ransom* describes Christ's work in our behalf. He becomes our ransom, paying the price himself, so that we might become free. He freed us from our sins by his blood, and in so doing made us a kingdom of priests (Rev. 1:5-6). Ransom. Redemption. Restoration. The pattern is apparent. From the misery of our sin we are restored to a kingly priesthood. We were God's, but we went astray. He bought us back and made us a part of his royal family.

It is this that gives the dynamic to Christian service, for to know that "we are bought with a price" is an assurance that we are indeed God's and precious in his sight. We love him and serve him because he cared so dearly as to buy us with ever so precious a gift. This is the dynamic Paul sees in 1 Cor. 6:20: "You are not your own; you were bought with a price. So glorify God in your body." In Acts 20:28 the church is to be treated with tender loving care because it was purchased by Christ's own blood, and in 1 Cor. 7:23 we are not to become slaves to men since we were bought with a price.

Redemption is a process not yet complete, for while we have been delivered from the bondage of sin, we have not yet been set free from the captivity of carnality, which will be our lot so long as we are in the flesh. As Paul puts it: "We ourselves, who have the first fruits of the *Spirit*, groan inwardly as we wait for adoption as sons, the redemption of our *bodies"* (Ro. 8:23). Our bodies have been purchased, for we were "bought with a price," but they have not yet been redeemed. The apostle says we join all of creation in anticipating that redemption.

Paul understands this to be part of the Holy Spirit's mission in our lives: to assure us, by his indwelling, that God will indeed do as he has promised and redeem our bodies, delivering them of all the flesh is heir to. Eph. 1:14 says as much: "You were sealed with the promised Holy Spirit, which is the guarantee of our inheritance until we acquire possession of it, to the praise of his glory." Eph. 4:30 also speaks of our being sealed by the Spirit "for the day of redemption:" The day of redemption is the day we "attain unto the resurrection of the dead" when our mortal bodies shall put on immortality.

Our bodies thus have a glorious destiny, for they are to be restored to God's intention for them. Notice Paul: "We wait for a Savior, the Lord Jesus Christ, who will change our lowly body to be like his glorious body, by the power which enables him even to subject all things to himself" (Phil. 3:21). God's plan for us, therefore, is that we are not only to become more and more like the Christ in spirit, but that ultimately we are also to have a body like his.

This is the restoration that all of us should long for, and it is this that gives us the dynamic to be all that God wants of us. It is not by fear that we respond to his instructions to us, but by a love that is lost in the assurance that we are his, that we are bought with a precious price, and that eventually he will draw us unto himself, transformed into his likeness and gloriously clothed in the similitude of the Christ himself. — *the Editor*

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CONCERNING WHITE SUPREMACY

In the May 6 and 13 issues of *Gospel Guardian* Bryan Vinson wrote at length on "The Racial Problem in America" in which he drew conclusions that I believe to be inimical to the cause of Christ and the unity of mankind. I am therefore submitting the following to the editors in response to brother Vinson's strictures on the racial problem in America.

I respect brother Vinson as a person and as a writer. Even when he is wrong, as I believe he is this time, he writes responsibly and resourcefully. He is a good thinker and is always worth reading. Being a man of extra-ordinary talent, he is all the more dangerous

when he errs. I am reminded of Plato's warning that the forces of evil never bother with mediocre men, but always demand men of excellence.

Brother Vinson writes with a candor that is indeed rare in these days of racial unrest. He admits that he is a white supremacist, which must be something of a first among ministers of the gospel. First to *admit* it, that is, for the attitude of the southern white churches in our recent history indicates that there must be many white supremacists in the pulpit. When one *is* a racist, it is more honorable to admit it than to deny it. But brother Vinson basis his racist views upon scripture as well as history and reason. It is this that strikes me as most offensive: *contending for white supremacy in the name of Jesus.*

Even if the doctrine of white supremacy be granted as true, it is both unkind and unnecessary to make an issue of it. Brother Vinson is wrong even if he is right, for what is to be gained by reminding inferior brothers of their inferiority. The community of God on earth is a family, the members of which differ somewhat in talent and intelligence. Those brothers who are superior should be charitable toward the inferior and should make no issue of their inferiority. What parent would be so brutal as to belabor the fact that one child is not as competent as another?

It is with poor grace, therefore, for a Christian journal emanating from the southland and circulating interracially, to lend support to the old bromide of white supremacy. Would it be appropriate to circulate this essay on our college campuses where whites and blacks are learning to study together? Should we distribute it at our unity meetings where racial lines are being crossed in terms of the fellowship of the saints? Would it do as reading material at our halfway houses where dedicated workers are trying desperately to rescue black and white youth from dope and vice?

White supremacy is a proud and arrogant doctrine, satisfying perhaps to some ego-thirsty whites, but cruel and oppressive to those who are non-white. If a white man sincerely believes that for some reason God is so gracious as to make him superior to all other men, this should motivate him to work all the harder in lifting up his less fortunate brothers so that the differential between himself and them will not be so great. He certainly should not be conscious of his superiority or make an issue of it, for this is only an indignity to others.

Brother Vinson is unequivocal in his supremacist posture, for he makes it clear that he, as a white man, is both intellectually and socially superior to the Negro, and he is adamant in his denial that he is "under obligation to treat him (the Negro) as my social equal." He is unhappy with civil rights legislation and criticizes Lyndon Johnson for supporting it as 'President after voting against it while in the Senate. The Supreme Court was wrong in its decision of school integration, and he implies that a good case can be made, scripturally and otherwise, for keeping blacks in slavery.

This rivals anything that one could expect to hear from Governor Maddox or Bull Conner, and that it should come from a minister of Jesus Christ is unthinkable. Even the Master himself considered himself superior to no man, and it is this kind of arrogance that he grossly condemned. The lowly Samaritan was even more despised in his day than is the Negro in our own time, and yet Jesus associated with them and ministered to them. The Lord did not even place himself above the diseased lepers. The diseased, the outcasts, the prostitutes were all his "social equals," and he warns against that attitude that prays to God and says, "Lord, I am thankful that I am not like other men." Who can believe that with Jesus the color of a man's skin would make any difference whatever? But with Bryan Vinson a man's color *does* make a difference. Bryan, dear brother, I commend you to Jesus who is our living pattern.

Brother Vinson invokes the names of Lincoln, Clay and Campbell in his contention for both white supremacy and a separation of the races. These are unfortunate references in that these men were deeply involved with the problem of institutional slavery and were seeking a way out. Surely these men would judge the Negro to be inferior, as indeed he was, being impoverished by slavery for centuries. In proposing a separation of the races they were at least setting the stage for the black man's liberation. It was the first step of a long journey in bringing justice to the oppressed Negro.

The question brother Vinson should ask is what Lincoln, Clay and Campbell would say if they lived in our time, with a century of the Negro's emancipation to look back upon. There were no public schools in Campbell's day. He was in fact one of the pioneers in the struggle to provide education for all children at public expense. Does Bryan believe that Campbell would have been displeased with such civil rights legislation that provides for blacks and whites to study together? How could it be so when Campbell built a schoolhouse on his own farm in which blacks and whites studied together? And they worshipped together in the Bethany congregation!

Lincoln, Clay and Campbell had no way of anticipating the progress that the black man has made in the last century in this country. Bryan Vinson himself appears to suffer from myopia when it comes to seeing Negro achievement, even if he has lived through it. If Bryan could spend a day with me at Bishop College, a Negro institution in Dallas where I am a professor, I could introduce him to many accomplished black folk, who might change his mind about saying that Negroes "cannot be lifted up intellectually and morally." In associating with talented artists and learned professors at Bishop, Bryan might conclude as I sometimes do, that *he* will be doing well to feel equal to *them!*

It was Connie Mack who gave Jackie Robinson a chance in baseball, and he became one of the all-time greats. Since then the Negro has excelled in every sport where he is allowed to compete. And we still admit that it takes brains as well as brawn to be a successful athlete.

Negroes are in opera and they conduct great symphonies; they are artists and musicians. They serve as mayors, legislators and senators; they sit on the Supreme court and function as ambassadors. They are beginning to compete in business and economics. They now serve as professors in predominately white universities, where they are accepted and appreciated by the students. They also make good soldiers, and a disproportionate number of them have made the supreme sacrifice upon the field of battle for their country.

All this and much more the Negro has accomplished with something less than equal opportunity. These are the people, brother Vinson, who only a century ago were slaves that could not spell their own names, even if they had names. What would Henry Clay or Abe Lincoln say *now* if they could see what you can see, if you will but let yourself. Do you really believe that old Abe, the Great Emancipator, would get up in arms over a black man moving in next door to him? And can you believe that Henry Clay would object to a law that secures for a Negro family the right to spend the night in a motel?

As a teacher of Negroes I am well aware of their inadequacies, which are sometimes discouraging. And it is easy to argue for the white man's superiority. But when one realizes the deprivations that the black folk have suffered all these years, it is reasonable to conclude that they are behind the white man only for lack of equal chance. There is no conclusive evidence from research that *any* race is genetically or naturally inferior to any other. Perhaps God in his goodness made us all approximately equal by nature. It is man's inhumanity to man that has produced white supremacy, if there is such a thing. But the fact remains that the Negro has done very well for himself in recent years in terms of achievement, and for the most part he has had to fight with a short stick.

Brother Vinson identifies with Lincoln's remark to the effect that "because I would not make a Negro a slave is no reason for making one my wife." But no one is interfering with Bryan's freedom by forcing him to take a Negro wife. That is not the issue. Suppose a black and a white *choose* to marry each other, is Bryan Vinson going to deny them their right to do so? There was an interracial marriage at Abilene Christian College only this year. There were lots of eyebrows on the part of older folk, but the students thought nothing of it, for to them it was a story of a boy and girl in love. The issue is whether the likes of Bryan Vinson will keep their prejudices and postulates out of it and mind their own business, or whether they will choose, in the name of religion, to preach racism and thus deny young people the liberty God has given them.

Bryan includes most of the odious and antique stereotypes about the black man. The Negro is irresponsible and doesn't want to work, so multitudes of them live in idleness off the labors of others. They swell the welfare rolls by having illegitimate children, thus penalizing by unfair taxation those of us who rear children within the marriage institution. And all this is part of a moral depression that leads to the irretrievable ruin of our nation.

Since the Negro *cannot* be lifted higher by the white man, it only remains for the blacks to pull the whites down.

Surely brother Vinson realizes that whether it is crowding welfare rolls, laziness, crime or illegitimate births the white man is as guilty as the black man. The Caucasian race has little to crow about when it comes to moral rectitude. The white man's treatment of the American Indian is too shameful and tragic to contemplate. The British and the Germans, supposedly the most superior of all Caucasians, were brutal in their treatment of Indians and Jews.

The white man's long enslavement of the African was so grossly cruel that we should endure a great deal in terms of inconvenience and taxation before we begin to complain. Hunted down like animals, black folk were stolen from their families, forever separated from their loved ones by being shipped across the sea under conditions of indescribable torture. Many were known to commit suicide rather than be subjected to such inhumane treatment. Sold on the auction blocks of this country, the Negro was accounted as nothing more than a dog or mule.

All these years the white man allowed the black man to have only a black woman, never a white one, while of course the white man arrogates to himself the right to have *both* the white and the black women. The slave owner raped the black woman, infusing white blood into the Negro race. And it was Lincoln, brother Vinson, who warned of the perils of a nation whose fathers sold their own sons upon the auction block!

If with these grim and tragic scenes of the white man's inhumanity before you, you can still champion the myth of white supremacy, brother Vinson, I can only say that I want no part of it. I would only add, in the light of the previous paragraph, that our judgments should be tempered by the realization that many of us who call ourselves white may really be Negro. There may well be upward of 12 million Octoroons in this country, people who are at least one-eighth Negro, who pass as white. And if you have *any* black blood you are a Negro, according to the white man's judgment.

How ironical it would be for Bryan Vinson, after writing such an essay, to turn out to be an octoroon. Born and bred in the southland, as I presume he was, it is altogether possible for him to have Negro blood and not know it. How tragic, for he could not even have social intercourse with himself and part of him would be inferior to the other part of him! But assuming that he is as white as white can be, for whatever virtue that may have, he is more like Christ when he judges the black man as if he too were black. Jesus teaches us that we will be judged by the way we judge others. Many a white man has vented his prejudice against the black man, little realizing that all the while he too was Negro.

In my own case, if I find out that I am among the 12 million whites who have black blood, it will be no big deal, for I don't believe that it is all that bad to be black. Has not God made of one blood all nations of men who dwell on earth? If Jesus died for the black

man as well as the white, and loves him as much, should I be too concerned if Negro boys and girls tag along with my children to school or if a black family sits next to mine in a restaurant. —1201 *Windsor Dr., Denton, Texas 76201*

(This essay was submitted for publication in *Gospel Guardian,* Lufkin, Tex., but was not used. Editor Wallace acknowledged it with a warm letter of appreciation.)

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First In A Series . . .

SOME CHURCH OF CHRIST HEROES

I became acquainted with Phylene Pressley of Maricopa, California by way of correspondence. Her letters, lengthy as they are, pulsate with excitement, and they reveal her to be a person of both spiritual depth and mystical insight. She would have made an impressive poet. Indeed she is a poet who expresses her mysteries in prose rather than verse. Her letters rival Thomas a' Kempis or St. Frances in their devotion to Jesus, and her experiences, which include dreams and visions, are in the class with those of Ezekiel and St. Teresa.

One such letter to Ouida and me ran many pages, beautifully penned and abounding in existential experiences. As welcomed and it was, I read only part of it the morning it arrived so as to attend to the rest of the mail. As I went to bed that night I found Ouida curled up among the pillows, absorbed in Phylene's letter, somewhere around page 12, and as captivated as if it were a Sherlock Holmes' mystery. "Have you read this?," she asked. "I'm reading it in installments," I replied defensively. "In installments!," she exclaimed, "How could you possibly stop once you started! "

Phylene's visions are in color, including such phenomena as mushroom clouds, mountains with lightning flashing, dark caves and flashing light, fields of yellow roses, and even deep sea scenes by way of a glass submarine. Such lines as these Ouida and I found engaging:

> Words cannot express the changes within my thinking, nor the love I have for *all* my Christian brothers and sisters. Nor the willingness that if it is my Lord's will that I be cast out, then cast out I shall be. I have been filled with his presence to such a state of ecstasy that I felt only the form of my body was present. Instead of my spirit being inside my body, I felt that it was God's presence filling every corner, every nook; and my skin was the only thing holding it earth bound.

We were both able to meet Phylene and her husband at the unity forum in Lubbock in the summer of 1970, but it was all too brief and too crowded for us to become well acquainted. Only when I went to California recently for some mini-meetings was I able to get better acquainted.

She is wife, mother, and grandmother; and, mystic or not, she is a practical person, holding down a post office job as well as attending to the usual womanly chores. White hair graces her quiet features, and her sweet smile reflects a beauty that obviously goes deep. Like the Lord she loves, her life is marked with sorrow and suffering, burdened as He was with a perennial illness in her family. She is more extroverted than most women, and yet she has that "gentle and quiet spirit, which is of high value in the sight of God."

In our prayer circles Phylene spoke to the Father in simple trusting faith. It was evident that she was communicating with one with whom she was intimately acquainted. She *knows* the Jesus that we were all inviting into our hearts. The loveliness of her prayer reminded me of what we have lost in the Church of Christ with our "men only" religion.

What especially impresses me about Phylene is her undying love for those of us in the Church of Christ, the only church she has ever known. In these California meetings our hosts arranged that the Lord's Day assembly should be in their home, those attending having more or less left the Church of Christ and therefore no longer attending any of the four mainline congregations in the vicinity. Our two evening meetings together, attended by some 25 "turned on" disciples, had been thrilling, and the assembly on the Lord's Day clearly promised to be far more exciting than the plastic services at the typical Church of Christ.

As appealing as all this was to Phylene, she excused herself from the planned "house church" on Sunday, explaining that she could not neglect her ministry at the home congregation. Further conversation revealed that this was to her a ministry of love in a situation the like of which has caused many others among us to give up in despair. "I have been there since I was a girl," she explained to me, "and I have a deep love for them." She doesn't leave because of her love for them, even though the conditions are far from what she would consider ideal. She reminds me of our pioneer preacher, Raccoon John Smith. who, even when his Baptist brethren tried to run him off, would say, "I can't leave you, for I love you too much!"

This dear sister may not have a chance to take an active role in her congregation because of her unique experiences in the Lord, but she assumes a ministry that no one can deny her loving and praying for her people as she sits in their midst. She would probably find greater welcome in some of the Pentecostal fellowships, but she is staying with those who in a special way are "my people," believing that in some way she can contribute to the renewal of the Church of Christ.

She once shared with her minister some of her charismatic experiences, including speaking in tongues, or what Pat Boone chooses to call *a prayer language*. This must have really upset him, for he soon berated such things from the pulpit with a fury out of character with his usual mild-mannered style. It was apparent to the audience that he was abnormally disturbed, and they began to eye each other for some clue as to what or who had upset him.

As the service closed Phylene rose to her feet and ask if she might be allowed to speak to those who would choose to remain after dismissal. Realizing the attitude that our folk have toward a woman's place in the church, she waited for several leading brothers to give their nodding approval. Once the assembly was dismissed, most everyone remained to hear what she had to say.

One would suppose that a woman would have to have a lot of guts to do something like that, but those who heard her would conclude that it must have taken a lot of love. Even after being "preached to," she made no effort to defend herself, but rather apologized for having upset the minister, thus causing him to behave abnormally in the pulpit. She took the blame, conceding that her experiences were strange and held in suspect by her people, experiences that she ordinarily kept to herself. She solved the mystery of the preacher's behavior, revealing that it was she whom he was talking about, and expressing her regrets that she had caused the unfortunate incident.

Phylene Pressley is different from the common herd, but she is so *lovingly* different that she manages to be part of the answer rather than part of the problem. She pays her congregation a wonderful compliment by staying with them, for it shows not only that she loves them but also that she believes in them, expecting greater things of them in a brighter tomorrow. It is the person who walks out on us and gives up in holy despair who is reproaching us.

She trusts the Lord to provide her a ministry where she is — by writing letters, sharing literature (which is sometimes returned to her marked *Refused*, praying, loving, hoping, smiling.

As I sat in the "house church" the next morning with those who had, for the most part, left the Church of Christ, I was persuaded that Phylene had chosen the braver and more loving course. I kept thinking of her there among our people in the Church of Christ who need her kind so badly. Even though I knew the easier way would have been to be with our group, I was thankful she was where she was, ministering in her own way. Like Plato's philosopher, she has the courage to return to the cave from which she might have fled, believing that darkness will give way to light, and that she might in some way help bring it about. More than that, she is like Jesus who stayed with his people in the synagogues even after they rejected him.

When the smoke of battle has cleared and the great new day is here, when the Church of Christ has become a free and responsible people, making its contribution to the one, united congregation of Christ on earth, it might be in order to pass out medals. I would count it an honor if I might be allowed to hand one to Phylene Pressley, one of solid gold and trimmed in silver, embossed between seraph's wings with the words, "Well done, good and faithful sister."

And the congregation she now serves as a dynamo of love, which may by then be part of the church of Christ in heaven, will surely rise as one man and applaud the honor. Its elders and minister will surely have honors of their own to bestow, something appropriate for a poet of course! — *the Editor*

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REPLY TO NORMAN PARKS

George Benson

I am in receipt of a letter dated July 30, 1971 from Leroy Garrett offering me the privilege of replying to the Norman Parks' article which appeared in the April issue: Were that article merely a matter of difference in judgment, I would not at this late date reply. However, since the article constitutes such a vicious attack and since it is based on misinformation, a reply still seems in order.

The Parks' article is a criticism of me for publishing in my weekly column quotes from the Grand Jury report on the riot on the Kent State University campus.

In his opening sentence Mr. Parks refers to "Harding College's National Education Program". Two times later he refers to the "Harding article". The fact of the matter is the National Education Program has for seventeen years been operating under a separate charter with a separate board and is entirely separated from Harding College and has its offices across the street from the main Harding College campus. Mr. Parks is totally uninformed in trying to blame Harding College with any of the activities of the National Education Program. The administration of the college neither sees in advance, nor concerns itself with what the National Education Program publishes. This is representative of the misinformation demonstrated throughout the Parks' article.

Dr. Parks very severely condemns my publishing quotes from the Grand Jury report on the riot at Kent State University. His implications again imply severe lack of information.

The Kent State riot in which four persons were killed and nine wounded was first very widely aired by newspaper reporters, who aren't noted for thorough investigation. A President's Commission made a rather hasty report. The Justice Department ordered an investigation and a hurried FBI report was made, and all of them published.

In order to get a complete study of the whole matter, a Grand Jury was created in keeping with honored American tradition. It was composed of local men who called many witnesses and who made an exhaustive investigation. Their report is no doubt the most thorough and reliable of all the reports made. None of its critics have called it inaccurate.

In view of so much having already been said about this case in the papers and elsewhere the Grand Jury thought it proper to release their own complete report to the press which they did and it was carried in full or in part by papers in many parts of the country. It was some weeks later when I picked up one of the newspapers that had carried it in full and commented on it in my column. If Dr. Parks thought the Grand Jury report should not have been made public, his quarrel should be with the Grand Jury itself. He need not have vented his anger on me for commenting on it weeks after it had been made public and referred to in the press all over the country.

It is true that Judge William K. Thomas criticized some of the conclusions of the Grand Jury. But it must be remembered that the judge killed none of the *indictments* of the Grand Jury. Moreover, it must be recognized that even Federal Judges are not infallible. That is why appeals to higher courts are allowed. That is why President Nixon is now calling upon Congress to undo the work of some Federal Judges. In this case I prefer the report of the Grand Jury above the criticism of Judge Thomas.

Dr. Parks implies that Governor Rhodes may have been politically motivated in calling the Grand Jury. Isn't that a low blow! The rioting had already gone on for many days. Fifty store fronts in Kent had been smashed. Looting had followed. The ROTC building on the campus had been burned to the ground. Firemen had been attacked. Their water hose had been cut and many people were petitioning the Governor to send in the National Guard. He would have been in a very indefensible position had he not done so. Why Dr. Parks should be so concerned in defending these criminal acts of violence that he wants to blame the Governor for calling out the National Guard under these critical circumstances is very strange coming from a former Christian college professor.

Dr. Parks seems quite disturbed at who may have taught these rioting students to shout "kill, kill, kill". Unlike Dr. Parks who could only "wonder" who taught them, I made an investigation running through several weeks before writing that series of four columns. The record clearly reveals the history of the Communist motivated and frequently Communist directed two-year long assault on the administration at Kent State and on the city of Kent. I have the documentary photographs of the young Communists who were in the Kent SDS and other revolutionary groups busy on the campus two years ahead of the tragic shooting. Referring to the SDS, Dr. White, President of Kent State University, testifying before a Congressional Committee said: "It is an enemy of Democratic procedure, of academic freedom and of essential university characteristics of study, discussion and resolution." Well known riot leaders who appeared on the Kent campus

included Bernardino Doran, one of the leaders of the riot at Columbia University, who called upon a thousand Kent students to “murder for self-defense and force radical changes through revolution”. Mark Rudd, now a fugitive from justice and who was then SDS National Chairman also went to Kent State to agitate revolt. Another agitator there just ahead of the May riot was Jerry Rubin who brazenly told the students “kill your parents” as an act of faith in the violent overthrow of the United States. It was during the three days preceding the shooting that rioting mobs tore up downtown Kent, burned the ROTC building and set scores of fires, defied curfews and mobilized mobs in defiance of regulations. The Mayor and many of the town folk joined in petitioning the Governor to call out the National Guard. Had Dr. Parks been aware of all of these well-known riot leaders having been on the campus preceding the riot he probably wouldn’t be asking “who taught the students this language” and then implying it was possibly the “ROTC”.

Dr. Parks complains that I didn’t weep sufficiently over the four students killed and the nine wounded. That has a familiar ring too, doesn’t it? He wants sympathy expressed for the rioters and those whom they caused to get killed and criticism expressed for the National Guard, a law enforcing agency, whom the Grand Jury affirms fired because they believed they were definitely in danger and their lives threatened. Actually fifty-eight Guardsmen were injured by rocks and other objects hurled. You note Dr. Parks had no sympathy for those 58 injured while trying to contain a riot. But the Grand Jury who made the careful and thorough investigation said: “we find that those members of the National Guard who were present on the hill adjacent to Taylor Hall on May 4, 1970 fired their weapons in the honest and sincere belief and under circumstances which would have largely caused them to believe that they would suffer serious bodily injury had they not done so --- fifty-eight Guardsmen were injured by rocks and other objects hurled at them as they moved across the Taylor Hall hill.” I leaked no secrets through discussing this important Grand Jury report, which they had weeks before, submitted to the national news media.

My great concern and, I believe, the proper concern, is that the public be informed of who has really been stirring up and leading these riots and that we back up our law enforcement people in taking the necessary steps to stop the riots. I hope my four articles published in more than 1000 newspapers have had something to do with the fact that riots have become much fewer.

I welcome honorable criticism of anything that I write. I answer the Parks article only because of the immodest passion which led him to use such uncomplimentary terms and to arrive at such harsh judgments based upon unsupported suppositions. In spite of his likening me to a paranoiac, I feel sure that my record of love and concern for young people throughout my lifetime and my respect for justice, honor, and fair play, will not suffer from

comparison with that of my critics. Anyone wanting to read the entire four articles on the Kent State affair may have them free for the asking. — *National Education Association, Harding College Campus, Searcy, Arkansas 72143.*

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READERS' EXCHANGE

His House

In a recent issue we told something of the story of Ben Boothe, the young man engaged in a ministry with troubled youth who was dropped from the payroll of his congregation because he would not repudiate Pat Boone. At that time Ben was displaced because a fire destroyed the house he was using in ministering to these dope-afflicted kids, so we invited all communications sent to us until he could get an address. His new address is His House, 303-B Main St., Ft. Worth 76101. That is right downtown where the action is, a store front where youth can come and sing, play, pray, talk and eat. They have special programs two or three nights a week, and even through the day there is activity. In a recent visit to His House I saw carpet samples scattered over the floor alongside a homemade speaker's stand. "Here they can play and sing," Ben explained, "and where we can witness for Jesus."

Ben found this spot while in search of a runaway child. When he told the wealthy attorney who owned the building what he was up to, it was given to him rent free. It is in the night club area of Ft. Worth.

His House has as its mission "To contact troubled youth in the general Ft. Worth area, and give aid or relief to their immediate needs, both physical and spiritual, with the intention of helping youth find a positive, meaningful role in life."

To do this they are developing three areas of ministry. One is on the streets where the kids are late at night, and at drug parties, hangouts, and rock festivals. Another is a mobile ministry where kids are taken from the streets in a bus and taken to camps. The third area is at His House where a program of study, prayer, discussion is underway. It is the "coffee house" approach.

A number of our people in the area have rallied to Ben's assistance, and he now has a voluntary assistant or two. His House is now duly organized for humanitarian service, so your contributions are deductible. He needs to be sustained on regular basis, year after year, by a few who believe in the urgency of this kind of effort. All contributions are

handled by a recording secretary, and a strict record is made of all expenditures. Your contribution will be acknowledged and recorded. You will also be placed on the mailing list for progress reports of the work.

Atlanta Forum

The Sixth Annual Unity Forum, held in Atlanta in July, was an exciting experience for those who could attend. The atmosphere well reflected "The Unity of the Spirit," which was the theme. Atlanta Christian College, an Independent Christian Church institution, along with Brookvalley Church of Christ, hosted the affair.

The participants demonstrated that unity is the fruit of the Spirit in our lives, for they represented varying doctrinal interpretations and yet treated each other as brothers. Their presentations were well received, with good audiences for all sessions, at the Westside Christian Church, adjacent to the college campus.

The outstanding thing about these forums, apart from what participants might say, is the "fellowship of the Spirit" that soon becomes evident. Something important happens when men of different and divisive backgrounds allow themselves to sit down together and discover the real meaning of brotherhood.

The seventh forum of this series will be held next year in the Bay area of California. More details will be forthcoming.

Mini-Meetings

In my last report I told of some of my experiences in rural Ohio, and before that made brief reference to meetings in Oklahoma, Arizona, and Washington, D. C.

Since then I have been to Kansas City, Corpus Christi and Weatherford (Texas), Denver and Grand Junction (Colorado), and Bakersfield, Fullerton, and Torrance (California).

Before the summer is gone I will have another assignment or two in Texas, then in the fall I will be off to the south and midwest. Since these meetings were intended as personal visits with friends (usually *new* friends) in their homes, along with those they invite, I have refrained from announcing them in this column. Too, being something of a controversial figure, I did not want public knowledge of my presence to be a problem to anyone. This has worked very well, but there has been the problem of interested people in the area, wanting to attend such gatherings, but not knowing of them until it was too late. They would have been welcomed, of course, by my hosts, who knew only to invite those of their acquaintance.

I am going to try to ease this problem by announcing in advance those meetings where I am sure it would be appropriate for anyone to attend, including those to be held in homes. I will check with those who invite me, and if it is desirable that those who attend be limited to those invited by my hosts, or if they prefer that my visit be unannounced, such gatherings will not be mentioned in this column. You are free to invite me with this understanding. If you prefer that I slip in through the backdoor and share in a candlelight service behind drawn curtains, we will do just that and praise the Lord for it. If I should come with the sound of a trumpet that can be heard even in distant congregations, we will do that too. And I will still accept your invitation, getting to you when I can, which even now has to be well into 1972.

I am hopeful that in the future I can arrange these meetings in clusters, two or three in geographical proximity on the same trip. For that reason it is helpful to have invitations that hang loose, leaving me free to fit them together the best I can. You should not hesitate to invite me out of fear that you cannot get a crowd in your home. I will come just to visit with you, you alone or you and your family. Some of my most rewarding experiences have been with very few. I am arranging these meetings with the conviction that they are for Jesus, and he will bring together those he wants for that particular experience.

Here are some mini-meetings that I am free to announce, though I cannot promise they will remain *mini.* As one sister said in a house meeting in Kansas City as the people kept pouring in, “This is going to be a *maxi*-meeting!” So if some of these become maxi-meetings that is all right too.

Nashville, Tennessee (Sept. 10-11). contact John Acuff, Box 828, Cookeville, Tn. 38501.

Arab, Alabama, near Huntsville (Sept. 12-14). This will be with Grassy congregation on Guntersville highway, near Arab. Contact Paul Duren, 711 Fifth St., Arab, Al. 35016.

Charleston, Illinois (Sept. 24-26). Contact James R. Ross, Box 172, Charleston, Il. 61920

Baltimore, Maryland (Oct. 8-10) This will be with Boulevard Christian Church and there are plans for a unity meeting. Contact James F. Wood, Sr., 920 Essex Ave., Baltimore, Md. 21221.

Bonne Terre, Missouri (Oct. 22-24) This will be with local Church of Christ. Contact Percy Faenger, 4 Lake Dr., Bonne Terre, Mo. 63628.

In November I go deep into Northern California and probably Oregon, then to Chicago and two other stops in the approximate area. Details on these and other plans in the next report.

All this is loads of fun, spiritually invigorating, time-consuming, and terribly expensive. But so long as the Lord provides I would have it no other way. Surely I am meeting some of the most delightful people in this wide, wide world. As we go along I’ll

be telling you about some of them (see *Some Church of Christ Heroes* in this issue), some I've already been with as well as others I am yet to meet. In California, for example, I had Jimmie Lovell, editor of *Action*, sitting next to me in one of our meetings. I'll just have to tell you about that old war horse.

The club rate of 6 names for $3.00 is still in effect. We do this so that more people might be exposed to our efforts. You can help a great deal by sending us the names of those you believe would be interested in what we are trying to do. You can send as many names as you like, 6 or more, at only 50 cents each.

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